

Without Regard to Etiquette

By OTHO B. SENG

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It was characteristic of Ross Brady that he laughed, although somewhat bitterly, as the gaudy auto car dashed by. He had received but the merest nod of recognition from Miss Danvers. "Ross, my boy," he soliloquized, "you must have made a mistake in thinking you were invited to join this festive crowd."

He took a small envelope from his inner coat pocket and read portions of the note in a mumbling undertone, adding caustic comments as he proceeded: "My dear Ross! M'm, dear Ross feels pretty cheap—about 23 cents' worth at the present moment! There will be a small party of us at Wiers from the 10th to the 27th. Well, I'm only two days in the rear—not bad for a laboring man! It would be very pleasant if you could be there at the same time. M'm, pleasant! I wonder just where the pleasure comes in! Well, here we are. Ross, brace up!"

He furtively flicked the dust from his shoes and ran lightly up the broad terraces to the hotel piazza.

He had hoped that Effie would wait for him. She must have known that he was on his way to call upon her.

The torturing minutes seemed hours, after he had sent up his card, and he felt the scarlet blood mount to his forehead again and again as some laughing girl stole a second glance at his handsome face and stalwart figure.

When Effie came down the stairs, dressed in white she seemed to the embarrassed young fellow the embodiment of coolness and self-possession.

Her greeting was hardly courteous, in degree removed from cordiality, and she spoke with some asperity.

"Why, Ross Brady, where are you staying? I expected you to register here!"

He crimsoned under the reproof of her voice and manner; then the square shoulders were set back, and the heavy chin hardened.

"You knew, Effie," gravely, "that I could not afford the rates here. I am at a farmhouse a mile away. I can be with you whenever you wish, Effie," pleadingly.

She seemed not to hear him.

"And your call just now, Ross," fretfully, "is wholly without regard to etiquette. I only came down to tell you that you can come again tomorrow, and be sure to send up two cards, one for me and one for Mrs. Lyons, the chaperon of the party."

He laughed shortly.

"Effie, the card I sent up is probably the last one I have. My vacation is necessarily a brief one, and—"

"Oh, Ross," in an excited whisper, "here comes Miss Van Vance! Do go! I mustn't be seen talking to you like this. She is from New York and awfully—"

Brady waited no longer. He bowed formally to Effie and turned sharply toward the door, meeting Miss Van Vance on the threshold.

She looked squarely into his eyes as they passed with an expression that he afterward recalled and wondered about.

She's a good deal older than Effie and those other girls," he mused. "I wonder"—Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What difference does it make anyhow? I'll write Effie a note. I was a donkey not to think about cards. I don't wonder she was annoyed. She wants to be correct about matters of etiquette, of course."

But Brady's honest heart was sore indeed on the following day when the messenger returned with no answer to the pleading little note he sent to Effie. He put on a rough suit of flannel and started for a tramp, striding rapidly along the country road; his handsome face moody and forbidding.

The sound of wheels roused him from his unpleasant reflections.

"It is country etiquette," said a clear voice, "for one who drives to ask one who walks to 'have a lift.'"

He turned quickly. It was Miss Van Vance, seated in a light Stanhope, driving a high stepping bay. She smiled down into his astonished face, reined and turned the animal with a quick movement of her supple wrist, glancing invitingly at the seat beside her.

Brady had never before been challenged in just such a way, and his blood rose. His usual diffidence vanished; he stepped promptly into the vehicle and seated himself, saying easily, "Is it etiquette for the one who walks to introduce himself to the one who drives?"

"It isn't necessary," coolly. "You are Ross Brady; you were brought up on a farm in northern Vermont; you have studied all sorts of ologies and isms, and you are now taking the advanced course in metallurgy at the Harvard summer school."

"Who told you?" rashly.

"No one. I simply put two and two together. The sum is seven! I wasn't sure, but your question proves it."

"I am easily trapped," admitted Brady.

He felt a sudden sense of ease and confidence and of comradeship with this stately looking girl, and almost before he knew it he was pouring forth the whole story of his aims and ambitions, his plans and hopes, even to his love for little Effie Danvers and his chagrin at her cool reception.

Miss Van Vance listened interestingly, smiling half sadly.

"My dear Brady," she said slowly, "I am older than you, and I have had, perhaps, wider opportunities for observing human nature. And I am like Samantha Allen—I know women just like a book because I've been one quite a spell. It is a woman's nature to want a man to beat down all barriers, even those she herself has erected. Is the hint sufficient, Mr. Brady?"

"I think so," quietly, "and I thank you, Miss Van Vance."

He resolved to act upon the suggestion, yet it was two days before he summoned courage to go again to the hotel.

"Miss Danvers is not here just now,"

said the talkative bellboy. "That whole party is out on the lake—that is, they're getting ready to go. You'll find them, I guess, if you go down," pocketing a dime with accustomed celerity. "They're going in a launch."

For an instant Brady was tempted to go away. Then he thought of Miss Van Vance and ran quickly down the steps to the boat landing.

Miss Van Vance, standing on the float, greeted him delightedly.

"I am so glad you happened along. Can you spare the time to go around the lake with us?"

Brady surprised himself with the ready ease of his acceptance.

Miss Van Vance introduced him with an air of proprietorship. "My friend, Mr. Brady," she said, "as she presented him to Miss Danvers. 'The fact that you are both Vermonters ought to be an immediate bond between you two.'"

Poor little Effie colored and faltered. She dared not say they were old time friends in the face of Brady's somewhat formal acknowledgment of the introduction.

With delicate tact Miss Van Vance drew out Brady's gift for narrative, and he was soon in the midst of an absorbing story of a genuine wild fox hunt.

The other two young men of the party were seated in the bow of the launch, smoking.

Suddenly a sheet of flame shot high into the air. A lighted match had ignited the gasoline in the escape basin, and an explosion of the main tank seemed inevitable. The young fellow employed to run the launch was paralyzed with fear.

The girls shrieked in terror, and two or three sprang upon the seat to leap into the water.

"Sit down!" shouted Brady sternly. He plunged his hand into the fire and turned the valve, thus stopping the flow of oil from the main tank. Then he threw himself against the flames wherever they appeared, beating them out with his coat and bare hands.

The other men, recovering from their momentary panic, wet their caps and assisted him.

Then some one screamed again, and Miss Danvers' clothing was seen to be on fire in the back. Brady instantly threw his arms around her, smothering the flames against his own body.

No one was more than slightly injured, except Brady. His arms and hands were quite badly burned, and the physician looked grave as he dressed them.

"I hope you will pardon the manner in which I embraced you, Miss Danvers," said Brady nonchalantly. "I fear it was hardly according to etiquette," glancing humorously at Miss Van Vance.

"You are a splendid hero!" cried Mrs. Lyons hysterically. "Effie should be proud to be embraced by such a man."

"Even if he is an utter stranger," added Miss Van Vance significantly.

Effie threw back her girlish head defiantly and stepped to Brady's side.

"He is not a stranger!" she exclaimed, putting her hand caressingly on his shoulder. "Ross and I have been engaged ever since we were children. Only I—"

"Never mind, Effie," interrupted Ross tenderly; "you needn't try to explain."

"I congratulate you both," said Miss Van Vance cordially, "only," teasingly, as she held Effie's hand warmly in her own, "only, Miss Danvers, your manner of announcing your engagement is so wholly without regard to—"

Effie smiled brightly through her tears. "I know, Miss Van Vance, and I deserve a lesson. You have been a good friend to me."

"Better than you know, little Effie," murmured Miss Van Vance to herself as she turned away, "and the temptation was greater than you can possibly understand."

Wrestling With English.

A writer in the Boston Transcript recalls some amusing blunders foreigners make in using English. A Hungarian journalist, leading up to an account of an earthquake, told how merrily the evening had passed. Just before the crash came the ladies had retired to their rooms, whereas "we men was remaining in the coffee."

A French dressmaker advertised her work as "grand, elegant and swell."

A polite and sympathetic Jap wrote, "I'm rather sorry you have been so ill, and a Parisian lady asked to be recommended as a teacher of French and added, with exquisite naivete, 'I am not obliged to earn my life, but I want to have too strings to my arc.'"

An excited Italian, when he had sent a manuscript with a page missing, wrote, "If anything like this happens again, notify me suddenly."

These infelicities recall also the Mexican diplomat at Washington who affably remarked, "Your climate in Buffalo is wat you call deefcoolt, eh?"

Diplomatic.

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a minister, when two very stout ladies entered the compartment. They placed themselves one on each side of Pat, who was, of course, much crushed.

The minister, on seeing him so placed, said, "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?"

"To this question Pat quickly replied, 'Sure, your honor, I haven't much room to grumble.'—London Answers.

The Spider Tree.

In the country about Cape Negro, in Africa, there is a curious plant called the spider tree. It grows on windy plains, its stem attaining a diameter of four feet, although it does not exceed one foot in height. It puts out two leaves six or eight feet in length, and these are split by the whirling of the wind into a number of stiff, narrow ribbons bearing no little resemblance to the legs of a gigantic spider. This resemblance becomes startling when a strong breeze puts the leglike leaves into rapid motion, and the negroes shiveringly exclaim that the great spider is struggling to get loose.

Case of Burns.

Keep a bottle of linseed oil and limewater, together with a roll of absorbent cotton and pieces and strips of old linen for bandages, all in a convenient place to use in case of burns.

HIGH PRICED FOWLS.

Often Proves to Be the Greatest Economy to Buy Them.

If we tell some folks that a chicken sometimes sells for \$50 or \$100 and a few have sold for much more, they decide at once that any person that would pay such a price for a chicken is a mighty big fool, says O. P. Greer in American Poultry Advocate.

Now, the fact of the matter is that, as a general rule, the person that pays a good price for something extra fine is not a fool, but a careful, intelligent person who knows that he can never reach the top round in the ladder with second or third class stock. I personally know of a case where a chicken "crank" paid a large price for a Plymouth Rock cockerel in order to get something fine. This man's friends said he was a fool; that no chicken on earth was worth \$35. This bird won at several shows in "hot" company and gave the exhibitor considerable reputation as a fancier of high class poultry.

The owner of this grand bird mated him with a few very fine females and from this pen raised about 250 chickens. Forty of the cockerels he sold for \$5 each, a number he sold for \$10 each, and a number he closed out at \$1 and \$2. Besides, he sold a number of pullets at a good price and had a nice flock left for laying and breeding the next year. It cost something to advertise and exhibit his fowls, but he said it was the best investment he ever made. This man was not a fool, but a level headed business fellow who knows how to invest money in something good. One thing I learned several years ago—that no person will ever succeed with pure bred poultry unless they can raise something that there is a demand for. There are some people who do not seem to understand why one chicken isn't worth just about as much as another. I have met people who claimed to be in the pure blood business who thought \$1 was enough for the best chicken in existence.

The Valuable Houdan Fowl.

Without question the finest poultry from the table standpoint, is raised in France and Belgium. In fact, epicures in all parts of Europe get their table poultry from France and some portions of Belgium. Therefore it would seem to be the part of wisdom to study the preferences of breeders in those countries.



HEAD OF HOUDAN FEMALE.

In both France and Belgium the great, almost universal, favorite is the Houdan. Its detractors in this country declare that the Houdan is a difficult bird to raise, that after it is raised it is too small to show a profit to the breeder and that it is by no means a remarkable layer. Its friends declare that the Houdan is not difficult to bring to maturity, that it is one of the best layers in the world, month in and month out, and that its flesh is not excelled in quality by any fowl in existence, some persons even going so far as to consider it the equal for table purposes of the much vaunted pheasant. Houdans in this country, by reason of their freakish heads, one of which is shown in the illustration, have mistakenly been regarded merely as fanciers' fowls. No attempt has been made to raise them in large quantities for the table. This is now about to be done to some extent, however, and the admirers of this excellent breed declare that ere long a veritable "Houdan fever" will sweep the country from end to end.

Don't Heat Fowl Houses.

About the most foolish move a poultry keeper can make is to heat a house artificially for adult stock, says a writer in Western Poultry Journal. In every case the standard of health of the birds will be lowered, and with the slightest exposure they will contract colds with the probable disastrous consequences. If during the hatching season chicks are hatched from eggs laid by these birds you will find that the mortality is unusually large. This simply goes to show that the fowls are under unnatural conditions, and if the owner is persistent in keeping them in this way he will soon have a flock of such low vitality that they will not be profit paying.

Feasting System Self Administered.

I am letting my hens sit awhile before breaking them up, says a writer in Reliable Poultry Journal. In that way they administer the Van Dreser feeding system to themselves. When they are broken up they receive plenty of a variety of food. I believe it works well. I did that way last summer, and my hens have laid eggs every day from the 1st part of October and are still at it. I get from one to fifteen eggs a day from twenty-one hens. The January record was fourteen eggs per day.

Encourage the Children.

Give the boys a chance with poultry. When the girls show a disposition to handle poultry encourage them as well, says the Feather. The young folks would do well with poultry if permitted to have the opportunity of making an income from selling it. Never discourage the members of the household by taking from them the profit of the labor bestowed upon poultry keeping.

Good Service.

"Was that a serious call?" asked the nervous citizen.

"No," answered the driver of the ambulance that had dashed madly down the street. "The case was not serious, but our trip was not in vain. We did good service on the return trip, picking up the pedestrians we had run into and people who had been thrown out by horses we scared."—Washington Star.

WOMAN'S PERFDY.

The Way It Was First Disclosed to George Brandes.

In his young manhood George Brandes lived almost entirely in the life of the intellect. Once he missed keeping an engagement with a girl because he was absorbed in Hegel's philosophy at the time when he ought to have been at the trying place. He tells about it in his "Recollections."

"With a passionate desire to reach a comprehension of truth, I grappled with the system, began with the encyclopedia, read the three volumes of 'Aesthetics,' the 'Philosophy of Law,' the 'Philosophy of History,' the 'Phenomenology of the Mind,' then the 'Philosophy of Law' again and finally the 'Logic,' the 'Natural Philosophy' and the 'Philosophy of the Mind' in a veritable intoxication of comprehension and delight. One day when a young girl toward whom I felt attracted had asked me to go and say goodbye to her before her departure I forgot the time, her journey and my promise to her over my Hegel. As I walked up and down my room I chanced to pull my watch out of my pocket and realized that I had missed my appointment and that the girl must have started long ago."

Once before in earlier days had he missed another engagement with another young lady, one Henrietta. For the sake of Henrietta's beautiful eyes and under those eyes he had soundly thrashed another little boy. Then Henrietta asked him if he would meet her the same evening under the old bay tree. Dr. Brandes writes: "When we met she had two long straps with her and at once asked me somewhat mockingly and dryly whether I had the courage to let myself be bound. Of course I said I had, whereupon very carefully and thoroughly she fastened my arms together with one strap. Could I move my arms? No. Then with eager haste she swung the other strap and let it fall on my back again and again."

"My first 'smart jacket' was a well thrashed one. She thoroughly enjoyed exerting her strength. Naturally my boyish ideas of honor would not permit me to scream or complain. I merely stared at her with the profoundest astonishment. She gave me no explanation, released my hands, we each went our own way, and I avoided her for the rest of my stay." Then Henrietta went away and told people. "This," says Brandes, "was my first experience of woman's perfidy. This was my first real experience of feminine nature."

No Quail For Him.

"Quail, villain!" he pointed his trusty shooting iron at the head of the man who had been treating the beautiful maiden to a job lot of general wickedness ever since the curtain went up.

"At last I have thee! Quail!" But, contrary to the direction in act 3, scene 2, the villain stood his ground.

"Quail, I tell thee! Why dost not quail?"

"Can't risk it on 30 bob a week," quoth the villain, with a defiant sneer saved over from the first act, "because, forsooth, quail is legally out of season, and I see a gamekeeper in the audience."

Then he kicked over an Alp, waded through the bay of Naples, fell into the thunder and only stopped in his mad flight to remark to the manager that an actor with a reputation must decline to play on that stage, as there were flies on it.—Pearson's Weekly.

His Three Thinks.

A father instructed his son never to speak until he had thought three times. One day the old gentleman was standing with his back to a fireplace and his coattail dangerously near the bars. The lawabiding son was in the room and suddenly jumped off his chair.

"Father," he said, with wonderful deliberation, "I think—"

"Well, what do you think?" was the reply.

"Father," repeated the youth, "I think—"

"Well, well, my son, what do you think?" said the father.

"Father," again the boy remarked, "I think—"

"Well, well, what do you think?" said the father impatiently.

"I think your coattail is on fire!"

Her Compliment.

"Well, goodby, Mr. Green. It was so nice of you to come. It does father such a lot of good to have some one to talk to."

"I was delighted to come, Miss Brown, but I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"My dear Mr. Green, don't let that trouble you. Father's ideal listener is an absolute idiot, with no conversation whatever, and I know he has enjoyed himself tremendously tonight."

A Wonderful Happening.

Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded, Amos F. King, of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now eighty-five." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by Wm. Kipp's Sons, druggists. 25c.

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